

FORTUNA

Against my weakened will I find I'm put
Amidst the selfsame sand which whips my face.
The hissing desert winds withhold no grace,
As I lie trapped beneath ill fortune's foot.
Though I might scorn the sordid taste of dust
Which wrecks a desperate smile and spirit erodes,
I've haply rent a room in her abode
Where tamely I have lurked without a fuss.
Fortuna's fair to him who's tossed aside
Her biddance and condition demanded him.
Oh courage, fill my glass unto the brim
That I might love the world and it abide.
For fate has sworn against my sovereign birth.
Oh, how I loath, this false and feignèd mirth.